




Hey, whaddaya know?



Chaz
 [cvillette](#)

https://cvillette.livejournal.com/2008-01-12_00:28:00


MOOD: 😊 tired

MUSIC: Tom Waits - Sins of my Father

I get even more glares from random men when I'm sitting at a table with *five* attractive women than when there are only three.

Who would have guessed it?

Although I think I should really be scared that Tasha and Nikki hit it off as well as they did.... and

 [trollcatz](#) (<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>), you should *really* be scared at the Tricia/Tasha axis. It's the names, man. (Hi, T. Yes, I'm talking about you to your girlfriend.)

Also? I think maybe two pots of coffee and three Sobes today was too much caffeine even for me. *Zippy zoom!* Somebody's going to mistake me for that damned road runner.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets.

Puppets. Poppet

puppets. Scary.

48 comments



 [trollcatz](#)

January 12 2008, 06:09:11 UTC

COLLAPSE

Aww, garsh. T'ank you. If I had any part in making guys glare at you, I'm very pleased.

As long as you don't mind guys glaring at you...

Tasha's nice people. She's more suit and tie than our lot (geez, J. Edgar would spin), but she puts up with us pretty well.



 [cvillette](#)

[January 12 2008, 12:18:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, there was this one guy with the steady eye contact and the *glower*.

"What are you doing to appropriate all the attention from the womenfolks, there, cowboy?"

UNSUB in training.

I was this far --><-- from showing him my I.D.



 [trollcatz](#)

[January 12 2008, 18:22:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Next time, I'll buy your dinner if you do it.

Yes, all three of them.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 19:55:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

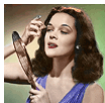
Tell him we're all federal witnesses in a sex-ring case, and I'll make it six dinners.



 [cvillette](#)

[January 12 2008, 19:58:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...you would trash my credit rating if I told you what I just thought.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:23:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

When I went to the trouble to make you think it?




 [cvillette](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:26:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Um...

Help?



 [trollcatz](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:33:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

makes popcorn




 [cvillette](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:33:50 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

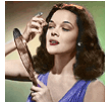
That wasn't the kind of help I meant!




 [trollcatz](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:34:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

So, what *were* you thinking?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:41:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Besides, you didn't have to mention that you were thinking at all.

We're profilers, you know.

But since you did mention it, all the dire peril is totally your own doing. *g*

Harpy, sweetie, pass the popcorn? Tanku.




 [cvillette](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:41:28 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

either "I think you reset my screen saver" or "Central casting forgot to send a redhead."

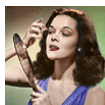


 [trollcatz](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:45:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

BWAH-ha-hah!

(Note to self--find compatible redhead for next time, take photo. Post on fridge in kitchenette.)




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:51:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(rig webcam to record gyrations of Dad's eyebrows when he comes looking for lemon slices for his tea.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:53:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

With caption: "Bond. Chaz Bond."




 [cvillette](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:55:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Wonder Woman is the only 007 around here.



 [trollcatz](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:58:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

But her gathering of Bond Girls would look so very different from yours!



 [cvillette](#)

[January 12 2008, 21:02:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Or Bond Boys.

Well, there's Dad, the Cowboy, Duke. Pauley, in a heartbeat.

Hmm. I'm doing better.

(I would totally be her Bond ~~Girl~~ Boy.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[January 12 2008, 21:20:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

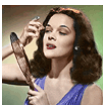
Dad and Duke, while hawt, are not immediately identifiable as trophy-like. The rest of you will do, though. Two Cowboys and a John Drake. What else does she need for a flush?



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[January 12 2008, 21:21:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

She needs more ethnic diversity.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 21:22:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

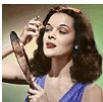
All by yourself, kid, you are ethnic diversity.



 [trollcatz](#)

[January 12 2008, 21:23:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And swap out the redhead for a hot Latino. Or Italian guy.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:47:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...blonde, brunette, curvy girl, black girl, Asian girl...

Damn, you're right.

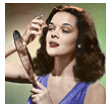


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[January 12 2008, 20:51:23 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Credit rating?



 [Ometochtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:52:05 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I'll think about it.



 [Ometochtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 13:19:08 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

J. Edgar rotates 120 degrees ever time I step into the building.

You can feel the foundations settle.

You guys set up more of a slow, steady, rocking oscillation.



 [cvillette](#)

[January 12 2008, 15:06:26 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It's the dancing. He gets into the beat.

God. You never appreciate how nice it is not being sick until, you know, you're sick and then not sick again afterwards. It's like a hard rain after a long time without one. Afterward, the world got washed.

Also, appetite back! Chicken smell *good*.



 [trollcatz](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:37:58 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

J. Edgar dancing.

I don't feel so good. And I bet it's not flu.

(Staying out of the cat discussion. Soooooo out.)



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[January 12 2008, 16:05:35 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hey, Hafs?

Am I allowed to feed *stray* cats?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 19:53:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Is there any way you can not notice it's/they're there?

There isn't, is there?

Feral, or friendly?

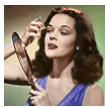


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[January 12 2008, 19:57:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It. She, I think, because it looks very skinny to have a belly that big. She's been on the fire escape all afternoon. I had the window cracked while the oven was on and I think she smelled the chicken.

I don't think she would let me get close, but she nearly burned herself on the pan when I put it outside so the grease would cool. I had to bring it back in.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:35:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

See, I know perfectly well there is no way you will *not* feed a stray cat. It just isn't in you.

If feral, you may feed, as long as you don't mind the mental picture of her showing up and slinking away hungry when you're not home. (Yes, I play dirty. Deal. *g*) She won't bond no matter how much you feed her. She will also not necessarily always show up.

Properly, she ought to be trapped, allowed to give birth in captivity, then spayed and released, and the kittens adopted out. But you knew that already.

Should you attract the attention of a non-feral stray cat, you may feed, lure into box, and take to no-kill shelter. And I bet you knew that, too.

You know, if you want a cat, you can get a cat. I will still be your friend. But decide with your mighty brain, my Platypus, and know why you're doing it.



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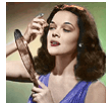
[January 12 2008, 20:49:24 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If I start feeding her, I have to keep feeding her, don't I? That could get tricky. I wonder if Mrs. Ng.... or Brandon. Hm.

I suppose there's some agency around here that traps feral cats. *goes off to google*

I can't get a cat. It would not be fair to the cat.

But I can want a cat.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:56:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And not even feel conflicted about it.

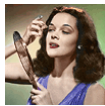


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[January 12 2008, 20:57:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(If I had a girlfriend, I could have a cat.)

(...)




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 20:59:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

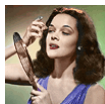
What, are you *trolling* for conflicted? *g*



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[January 12 2008, 21:02:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Where's the conflict?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 21:14:28 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Good point. Healthy response. Nevahmind. *g*

Did I tell you about the Boy I had to ditch because he had a dog that farted?

I mean, like, *farted*.

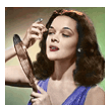


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[January 12 2008, 21:15:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...no?

The Boys come. The Boys go. Who can keep track?




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 21:23:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

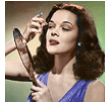
The dog was unforgettable, though.



 [trollcatz](#)

[January 12 2008, 21:27:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

What was his name?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 21:31:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The dog was named Pugsley



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[January 12 2008, 21:33:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

She doesn't remember the Boy.



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[January 12 2008, 21:17:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(Well, except for the problem where all the conditions that apply to my life not being fair to cats apply to not being fair to girlfriends, also, especially serious ones.)



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[January 12 2008, 21:17:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(But that's not a conflict, exactly.)



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[January 12 2008, 21:17:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

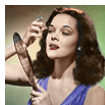
(More like a system design flaw.)



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[January 12 2008, 21:18:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(Has this stopped being funny yet?)



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[January 12 2008, 21:22:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Nope. *g*

[locked] [Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets.](#)

[Puppets. Poppet](#)

[puppets. Scary.](#)